Lost Memories, Gained Lives

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by orphan_account

Summary

How Bedelia met Hannibal.

Notes

You really need to read Of gods and courtship before you read this or else you will be so lost.

I just really like back stories
they're just
great

See the end of the work for more notes

Bedelia Du Maurier was born in the summer. She no longer remembers the main parts of her old life, like her birth name or where her home was. The name she has now Hannibal gave to her. She earned that nickname after an incident in Ireland where she was nearly burned at the steak.

“I think I’ll call you Bedelia from now on. The legend of the Celtic goddess of fire suits you now, I suppose.” He chuckled. Sometimes he still laughs about it, and even though the name stuck, she never really found it that funny.

There are things she can remember from her mortal life though. She can remember some finer details, like the heat. She remembers how it made everything seem slower, sluggish, like the world was trapped in a jar of molasses. She remembered the sticky sweat that made her clothes desperately cling to her in the midday heat as she peeled them off to go swimming in the river to shake off the summer heat. She remembered the taste of sweet fruits she used to steal along with her sister from the orchids, not realizing that they already belonged to the family. She remembers running around the giant open villa that was her home, carefree and happy.

She remembers the day her sister was married off to the highest bidder. It was a gloomy autumn day and the skies were grey, but she cannot remember ever seeing her again. The only thing she had left of her sister's was an old spell book that had been secretly passed down from mother to daughter for generations. She also remembers the day her mother died. It was spring time, and even the gods mourned her death. It must have rained for weeks. Her father remarried not long after her death. She remembers that the woman was cold towards her and her little brother. She hated it, and she hated her.

The news of her sister’s death soon after her father’s remarriage was sudden. She and her infant daughter died due to complications during the birth. Somehow, the girl knew that both were healthy when they were born. Her husband was just angry she hadn’t given him a son.

She remembers the day when her sister’s husband came for her. She was beyond terrified of meeting the same fate as her older sister, but what could she do? She had no one to go to for advice, her sister was gone, and so was her mother. The servants never acknowledged her and her father was too busy training her brother for war.

She remembers that her new husband looked as mean and imposing as he did when he came for her sister. She remembers the smell that clung to him, old food and stale sweat, barely covered by too much scented oil. She remembers the horrible look in his eyes as he stared her down.

When she arrived at her husband’s home, she was thrown into a gaudy bedroom and told to wait for him there. The longer she waited in the room, the more terrified she became. In a desperate attempt to appeal to the gods to deliver her from her fate she turned to the old spell book her late sister gave her. She spilled her blood on the pages and read the strange words out loud. There was a crash of thunder and the acrid smell of rot and decay seeped into the room.

What she saw was burned into her mind.

A tall beast with scorched black skin stood in the middle of her bedroom. It had antlers protruding from its head that looked sharp as knives. They had bits of flesh and blood stuck to them, and some ran down the dark bone and seeped into the beast's hollowed out eyes, which appeared to be focused on her. She began to feel sick from the smell and sight of the beast. Without moving its thin lips, it spoke to her.

"How did you get that book, child?" She heard, she could also hear men shouting from the chambers outside the room. Apparently so could the beast. With a flick of his hand the doors were sealed from the inside, no one was getting in.

She was so scared she could barely speak. "M-my sister gave it to me be-before she got married."

The beast pawed at the ground in anger. She was sure she was going to die.
"I came here expecting sacrifice. The blood of a virgin was spilled, but the ritual hasn't been completed yet."

"What happens if I don't complete it?" She whispered, hoping that there was a way out.

"A bond." The creature stated plainly, and he offered no more information. It stood there, dead eye sockets focused on her.

"What happens in this bond?" She asked, almost seeing a way out.

"You will become my ward, and learn from me."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Normally, child, people tend to finish the ritual. They are too afraid not to, the greedy fools." It might've been the smell getting to her, but she could have sworn that she heard the creature chuckle.

"How do I accept the bond?" she demanded, trying to be brave.

"You must take in the heart of the wicked. Once that is done, you will give me your name, and I will give you mine. I am obligated to warn you, child. Once the bond is in motion, you cannot stop it."

"I accept your terms."

"Then let us begin." The creature said, speaking out loud for the very first time. It's thin lips opened to reveal disturbingly human teeth.

The banging on the doors got louder and louder until it sounded as if the doors were beginning to give way. She began to tremble, afraid of what would happen to her. She could feel the beast stand behind her solid and intimidating. As the bedroom doors caved in, and her husband and ten guards came rushing in the beast moved. It was so fast that she barely knew what was happening. When it was over, the walls were painted red, there were bodies

strewn around the room ripped to shreds, and her unconscious husband was being held up by the beast's long, skinny arms.

"He's still alive." Bedelia whispered.

"You must kill him. Break off a piece of my antlers and cut out his heart."

"I-I can't."

"Remember what I said about the bond child!" The beast roared. "You cannot stop! Either you take his life, or I take yours." Choose wisely.

She was too afraid of death to refuse the beast. So, she steeled herself, and reached up to broke off a small razor sharp antler, the bone sliced her skin in the process. She cut off her husband's shirt and pressed a hand to his chest, looking for the heart, and with the antler she began to cut.

His screams sang to her very being.

The very taste was euphoric.

She wanted more.

"My name is Ionna." She whispered, breathless.

"My name is Hannibal, and your name is no more."

End Notes

Ok so after like a shitload of searching i found out that:
Bedelia is the Celtic goddess of fire
Ionna means god is gracious in greek, which i thought would be ironically fitting for Bedelia and her story

half of the work in my stories are just me researching cool names

My Tumblr

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